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The PROTESTANTS SWEET ORANGE:

O R,
Sower Sance for Popery.

To a pleasant New Tune, or Fuddle boys.



[1]

Let Rome no more Jest
At the Protestant Test,
And swear all our Souls are confounded;
Taking wonderful pains,
And puzzling their Brains.
How to damn England's Church and the Roundhead.
Now Orange drives Popery out of the town,
For debauching our Nation he'll pluck the Whore down.

[2]

But now we'll take care
Of their Catholick snare,
And scorn both the Priest and his Wafer;
And as for their Mass,
'Tis a Part of my A--,
Common-prayers are abundantly safer.
Now Orange, &c.

[3]

Let the Pope and his Bulls
Cheat papistical culls,
Who deluded are by Absolutions,
Whilst we have more sence
Than to pay Peter pence,
Or submit to their canting delusions.
Now Orange, &c.

[4]

Let Priestcraft be damn'd,
And their policies sham'd,
E're we will believe the false story
preach'd up by dull fools,
Who impose upon Souls
To believe there is a Purgatory.
Now Orange drives Popery out of the town
For debauching the Nation he'll pluck the Whore down.

[5]

Some said we should turn
Or else we should burn,
But who's such a fool to turn Roman?
For the Pope out of fear,
Since Orange came here,
Is surely turn'd Muglestonian.
Now Orange drives Popery out of the town,
For debauching our Nation he'll pluck the Whore down.

[6]

Then woe to your Beads,
And your multiply'd Creeds,
O ye Romans, the Devil must have ye;
For now Oranges is come
To challenge all Rome,
And there's no holy VVater can save ye.
Now Orange, &c.

[7]

Oh now do you wish
Old Nick had the Fish
That on your Fast-daies you have eaten;
And the Romish sound thumps
You have had on your Rumps,
VVhen you for your pennance was beaten.
Now Orange drives Popery out of the Town,
For debauching our Nation he'll pluck the Whore down.

FINIS.



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